

Joe Bonamassa, It Heartaches Were Nickels

I wish you could see me
All broken down this way
But even if you saw me, baby
I know I still couldn't make you stay
Couldn't make you stay

You know about the high cost of loving
But someday, someday
You're gonna have to pay
Gonna have to pay

Oh, a woman like you needs fine things
And I knew it from the start
And I don't have much to offer
Just this old broken heart, hey baby
Just this old broken heart
But if heartaches were nickels
I wouldn't be here crying in the dark

If wine and pills were hundred dollar
bills, I might keep you satisfied
And if broken dreams were limousines
I might take you for a ride

And all I can do is think of you
And wish you were here by my side
Yes, if heartaches were nickels
I'd be the richest fool alive

If wine and pills were hundred dollar
bills, I might keep you satisfied
Oh if broken dreams were limousines
I might take you for a ride

But all I can do is think of you
And wish you were here by my side
Oh, if heartaches were nickels
I'd be the richest fool alive
I'd be the richest fool alive